where lives this man
I have not seen
for three days,
whose face is beginning to rise
in my dreams
like balloons.

ISN'T IT FUNNY

I don't want to hear you beg.
I'm sick of beggars.
If you a man
take what you want from me
or what you can.
Even if you have me
like some woman across town
you think you love.

Look at me
standing here with my dick
as straight as yours.
What do you think this is?
The weather cock on a rooftop?

We sneak all over town
like two damn thieves,
whiskey on our breath,
no streetlights on the back roads,
just the stars above us
as ordinary as they should be.

We always have to work it out,
walk it through, talk it over,
drink and smoke our way into sodomy.
I could take you in my room
but you're afraid the landlady
will recognize you.